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GATHERED

LOVES

OR

Little Children

IN

HEAVEN



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(1858)





GATHERED LILIES;

OR,

Little Children in Heaven.

Answered Charles
BY
A. C. THOMPSON, a. d.

AUTHOR OF "THE BETTER LAND."

MY BELOVED HAS GONE DOWN INTO HIS GARDEN TO GATHER LILIES.

Song of Solomon.

BOSTON:

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

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To the Reader.

My Beloved has gone down into his garden to gather lilies. He is often so occupied, and He has been so lately. The particular occasion of what follows has, like all similar ones, a private sacredness ; but the community of stricken parents —



parents who have been called to part with young children — will sufficiently appreciate the circumstances, and they will not deem obtrusive this call of sympathy from

THE AUTHOR.

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GATHERED LILIES.

I.

The Garden: Whose is it?

THE garden belongs to my Beloved, and he has a perfect right to all it contains. The great garden of the world is his — and his, not by discovery or conquest, but by creation. The right of free disposal of any part or any inhabitant is lodged with him. To us he says, “ Occupy till I come ; ” so that we have the use but not the ownership. What we hold is only in trust. That

tomb in the garden wherein the body of Christ was laid, belonged to him rather than to Joseph of Arimathea.

The garden of the church is his, for with great price he purchased it, and amidst all storms and against all enemies he defends it.

Thus have I often seen a vernal rose,

Which midst the lowering storm untouched
appears,

Though hostile lances all around her close ;

Still o'er the palisade of armed spears,

Her loveliness unharmed its beauty rears,

And day by day expanding drinks the shower,

E'en so unfolding to the eternal years,

The church discloses her ethereal flower,

The many-folded Heavens of her unfading bower.

The garden of the family is his, for he ordains and maintains it. The

christian home, that little paradise which he hath planted, is peculiarly his — an enclosure well watered, and where out of the ground the Lord God maketh to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food. All the lilies there are his, not ours ; and what we have to do and say, my friend, is to tend them carefully, and when he comes bid him gather where he will and what he will. Strange that any should forget who is the great proprietor ; that when he appears the cry should be, Not this one, not that one ; oh spare *my* dear ones ! If the Lord of the manor comes to gather a little early fruit before the general harvest home, shall the tenant object as if he owned all, or owned

anything? “O come, let us worship
and bow down; let us kneel before the
Lord, our Maker; for whether we live
or die we are the Lord’s.”

II.

What the Beloved is Doing.

THE Second Adam is in the garden to dress it and to keep it. Hence gathering lilies is a constant occupation of his. Of every thousand persons, only one lives a century; out of every five hundred, only one reaches eighty years of age; while probably not far from one half of all the millions born into our world die in infancy or early childhood. About ninety thousand die daily; which is an average of sixty, including children and all, to the minute,

and hence one child every other second. In large cities the mortality among infants is truly appalling. In New York, for instance, the number of children who die under five years, exceeds the entire number of deaths between that age and sixty. Since the writer's pastorate commenced — and it is not yet a long one — he has had occasion to attend the funerals of more than fourscore children; and nearly every week to come in contact with parental grief. Ask for a list of names and ages in almost any domestic group, and you find a chasm. With trembling voice the mother will tell you that this one and that one were early called away.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there !
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

A single event so sad and seemingly mysterious would demand thought ; but when it is found that in God's great register of births only a minority reach adult years, the subject enlarges, and assumes volume and sublime significance. Busy with the cares and labors of manhood, we forget that the larger part of our race have known little of this world outside the nursery. Of the myriads who people the realm of spirits, multitudes probably can recall their experience here only as a dim brief dream. Jewish rabbis have the grim saying, "There are skulls of

all sorts and sizes in Golgotha ;” — but every one must have noticed that in our cemeteries the little mounds outnumber all others ; and over those hillocks, and over all the hills and valleys of earth how much more abundant are the smaller than the larger flowers — violets and trailing arbutus, than dahlias and tulips. When Spring opens, what a profusion is there in our fields of the beautiful little flowers called Innocence, and how soon they disappear !

III.

What does the Beloved Gather ?

SWEET flowers — what in this world
is so fair, so beautiful !

See the lily on the bed,
Hanging down its modest head,
While it scarcely can be seen
Folded in its leaf of green ;
Pretty lilies seem to be
Emblems of humility.

Behold the lilies ! Solomon in all
his glory was not arrayed like one of
these. Just look in upon the dear
little ones, as they kneel, their hands

clasped while they join in the evening prayer.

See them in their slumbers — fairest copies that earth affords of our first parents before the tempter had approached them.

A cherub might mistake our rosy boy
For a reposing mate.

How little have the dear ones yet learned to design or to dread evil ! What a sunbeam in the house is each of them ! What a fountain of gladness ! They bring back our own childhood ; they will not let our hearts grow old. Thanks for the sight of so much beauty of the Lord our God upon them ! Let him who made them for himself take them to himself.

‘My Lord has need of these flow’rets gay,’
The reaper said and smiled ;
‘ Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.’

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love ;
She knew she should find them all again,
In the fields of light above.

IV.

The Period of Gathering.

Do we object to the time? does it seem too soon? But what if instead of being taken in love, children were spared to us in displeasure, as were the sons of Eli! "The man of thine house, whom I shall not cut off from mine altar, shall be to consume thine eyes, and to grieve thine heart." How much less bitter would have been his grief over those sons, had they been removed in early childhood! How was David sorely chastised by

the conduct and the end of his son Ammon, and his heart pierced by the rebellion and death of Absalom ! But when an infant son was removed by death he said, “ Now he is dead, wherefore should I fast ? Can I bring him back again ? A former pastor * in England, tells us of a case in which, while praying over a child apparently dying, a minister used the words, ‘ If it be thy will spare ——.’ The mother, yearning for her beloved, exclaimed, ‘ It must be his will ! I cannot bear *ifs*.’ The minister stopped. Very unexpectedly the child recovered ; and the mother, after almost suffering martyrdom by him while a stripling,

* Rev. Mr. Kilpin, of Exeter.

lived to see him executed soon after he became of age.

Believing that your children, removed thus early, are saved, can you deem it too early? Does that one live too short a time on earth, who does not fail of heaven? We pray for the early sanctification of children; if spared to us we strive to win them into wisdom's ways, and to secure to them the benefits of early piety. Shall we then weep when God takes us at our word, and makes them perfectly holy at the very dawn of life? To endeavor to detain, when he would take a child, is like objecting to immediate rescue from a wreck. It is like crying, Let them run a little longer risk of drowning! It is like begging

of the physician, Do not heal my child at once! "Father, I see now," said a little boy four years of age, blind from his birth, as he lay sick; "Father, I see now; darkness is all gone. Day is come!" The fond parent thought he was better and would recover. He did, but it was by going at once into the sunlight of heaven. Did he have sight too soon? If then it be Christ's pleasure, and the child's delight, shall father or mother object? If either weep it should be the child for the parent. Shall not the master make a harvest to himself when he pleases?

"I had but two children," wrote Samuel Rutherford, two centuries ago, "and both are dead since I came

hither. The supreme and absolute Former of all things giveth not an account of any of his matters; the good Husbandman may pluck his roses, and gather in his lilies at mid-summer, and for aught I dare say, in the beginning of the first summer month; and he may transplant young trees out of the lower ground to the higher, where they may have more of the sun, and a more free air, at any season of the year: what is that to you or me? The goods are his own."

V.

Who Gathers them ?

WHO is it that hath entered his garden ? “ My beloved — ” the chiefest among ten thousand, yea altogether lovely ; beautiful as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, the desire of all nations, the King of Sion ! Time was when he left a home of glory ; came a long distance hither to this wilderness that he might reclaim it : came to toil, suffer, bleed. Many were astonished at him, his visage was so marred more than any man, and his

form more than the sons of men. My Beloved laid down his life for me and mine. Oh matchless love! All that I have or hope for, I owe to him. My heart is his, his forever! My Beloved is mine, and I am his! So testifies the saint in Christ Jesus.

And now that my well Beloved has a festival at the palace and wants flowers to grace it, shall I tremble because he has come down to his garden? Shall I stand between him and the lilies? If so, let me not dare to call him My Beloved. He that loveth son or daughter more than him is not worthy of him. Owing, as I do, everything to him—for he saith in Hosea, I will call her beloved which was not beloved—if I may but call

him mine, I will think little comparatively of children that I have counted my own. He is more to me than all that have died, and all that survive.

VI.

How does he Gather them?

THERE is seeming violence in the gathering. The seizure of disease,—the glazed eye, the vanishing pulse, the shortened breath,—and then a cold, quiet form! Or the removal may have been by a sudden catastrophe. Of all the sad monuments brought to light at Pompeii, there is no one more touchingly suggestive than the seat near the house of Diomed, where were found the skeletons of a mother having an infant in her arms, and two other

children near her. With multitudes of others they were buried by the shower of ashes that overwhelmed the city. Every year adds to the list of such desolating occurrences by flood or fire. After the burning of the steamer Montreal, near Quebec, twenty dead bodies lay on the Queen's wharf, under the boat-house. Amongst them were some Canadians and Norwegians, but nearly all were Scotch passengers. A woman came in, searching for her dead. She passed the first four or five, murmuring, "It's no' him, it's no' him." Then she stopped; a dreadful change came over her face; she cast one eager look; her sobs suddenly ceased, she drew herself up to her full height, and fell prostrate over the body

of the child, shrieking, "My babe, my Willie, my babe, my Willie!" The by-standers stooped and raised her, she held the body of her child in her arms, convulsively clasped to her bosom, and kissed the pale, cold face, again and again, calling out, "Speak to me, Willie, speak!" This was the only one of her family, five in number, which she discovered. Three children and her husband were still missing. Similar scenes may occasionally be witnessed in all lands; and yet the majority of young children die quietly beneath the parental roof. The lamb-like soul

— slides away

So gently, like a light upon a hill,
Of which none names the moment that it goes,
Though all see when 'tis gone.

You miss now the blue pencilling of the veins, but you gaze and gaze at the sweet tranquillity of features, at the strange transparency of that delicate form, till the key of the casket is finally turned, and the precious remains are hid beneath the clods of the valley.

Then comes the sense of desolation. Be it spring, with its opening blossoms, and the time of the singing of birds, there is no beauty, no music in them. Be it autumn, with its changed and falling leaves, all are unheeded, for one faded flower fills every thought. How you miss the melody of that voice, the patter of those tiny feet and hands! With what fond affection and moistened eye do you look at the locks of silken hair preserved by you, and at

numberless mementos, each of which has a silent speech, peculiar to itself. Or it may be that many years have since elapsed; but however distant the time, the memory of that dear one comes back like the perfume of the pressed flower saved from the funeral wreath.

And why must all this be? Why has so sad a change come over that dear one? Because "sin hath entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death hath passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." This dissolution and decay are renewed proof that our race are under sentence of death. It is an inevitable expression of God's displeasure at apostasy. But there is a glorious counterpart and sequel. Of all the interesting things about young

children, there is none so interesting as this, that Christ died for them; and the two truths are thus happily brought together in the following epitaph:

Blind infidelity, turn pale and die!
Beneath this stone four infant children lie.

Say, are they lost, or saved?
If death's by sin, they sinned, for they are here;
If heaven's by works, in heaven they can't appear;

O reason! how depraved.
Revere the sacred page, the knot's untied;
They died, for Adam sinned;
They live, for Jesus died.

VII.

Whither are they Taken?

WHAT does my beloved do with them? He transplants them, for he has another garden, to which this is but a nursery. And shall he not do what he will with his own? Is it not well with the child? It is well. It was a transition from what to him was almost a heaven,—a mother's fond smiles and tender care,—to that which is truly so, the presence and enjoyment of his Saviour. A dew-drop just sparkled for a moment, and then floated

away to the skies. It is not lost; it has only gone up.

The lovely bud, so young and fair,
Called hence by early doom,
Just came to show how sweet a flower
In paradise would bloom.

What spectacle then more beautiful, more suggestive of blessed realities, than that of an expiring infant? You bear the dear lamb in your arms to the gate of the fold, and is not the Great Shepherd there to receive the same, and carry it in his bosom? Do you ever seem so near passing within the door yourself? Is not your soul enlarged as never before in prayer? And does it not often seem as if the little one itself breathed out its soul in

prayer? A beautiful child, between two and three years of age, the only child of a missionary in the East Indies, was attacked by the jungle fever, and in a few days her case became hopeless. Having been taught, from early infancy, to repeat a prayer every morning and evening, as her strength ebbed rapidly away, and her sight became dim, she naturally supposed that the hour of rest drew nigh. Clasp-
ing her tiny hands, in a faint, earnest voice she began,

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to ta —

and before quite finishing the last word, she passed into the presence of

Him who said, Suffer the little children
to come unto me, and forbid them not,
for of such is the kingdom of heaven.
Are such flowers destroyed, or are they
only transplanted ?

In some rude spot where vulgar herbage grows,
If chance a violet rear its purple head,
The careful gard'ner moves it ere it bloom,
To thrive and flourish in a nobler bed.

Such was thy fate, dear child,
Thy opening such !

Pre-eminence in early bloom was shown,
For earth too good, perhaps,
And loved too much, —

Heaven saw, and early marked thee for its own !

Children in heaven, — what a goodly
throng ! What congregated beauty !
What holy glee beneath the tree of life,

and along the banks of the river of the water of life! What hosannas do they sing by the wayside there, and in the temple, to the Son of David!

Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand, —
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, Glory, glory!

What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came the children there,
Singing, Glory, glory?

Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin:
Bathed in that pure and precious blood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, Glory, glory!

Garcias, the sixth king of Navarre, in the eleventh century, established an Order of the Lily. And has not our Beloved, the King of kings, established an Order of the Lily, a favorite one, without which heaven would want its chief population and some of its highest charms!

Children in heaven! They are children, not cherubs or angels. They are as unalterably of human mold as those who die at threescore and ten. Poetic theology may invest them with wings, and bring them back to our firesides, as unseen spectators and guardians, but there is no ground for such a fancy. They are elsewhere and otherwise employed. Angels proper, are indeed ministering spirits, sent forth to



minister unto them that shall be heirs of salvation ; but they constitute a separate order of beings. There is no transmutation of species. The Creator never does, and no culture ever can convert a lily into a rose.



VIII.

Why does He Gather them?

ONE reason why he takes these flowers is, for the sake of his garden above. That is the central and the most beautiful and glorious spot in the universe. There is the city, the capital of the Great King. He will have his court thronged; he will have his palace adorned with the most precious things from all parts of his dominions. Hence the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; and they shall bring the glory and the

honor of the nations into it. Has not Christ a special delight in children and their praises, and are not young children the glory and honor of nations? The value of the diamond does not depend upon its size, but its lustre; and would Christ part with these smaller brilliants in his crown? How great a loss would this garden and the one above suffer, if all lilies of the valley were withdrawn!

Everything, says Solomon, is beautiful in his season. The celebrated Linnæus, finding that certain plants open and close their flowers at regular intervals, arranged a vegetable time-piece in the great garden at Upsala, whereby the hours of the day were marked by the successive opening and

closing of blossoms ; and in the same way, also, he formed a rural calendar for regulating the labors of husbandry, according to the opening of blossoms upon plants at their stated times.

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours,
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers,
That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
And its graceful cup and bell,
In whose colored vase might sleep the dew,
Like a pearl in an ocean-shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flowed
In a golden current on,
Ere from the garden, man's first abode,
The glorious guests were gone.

What beautiful arrangements must

there be in the land that is very far off! God grant our eyes may yet look upon the horologue of flowers in his ample garden above, and see how the hours and months of heaven are measured!

You still ask, Why does our Beloved gather these flowers? It is for their own sake. It is to a richer soil and beneath a serener sky that they are taken. They are there sheltered from the east wind. They are

Gone — where no dark sin is cherished,

Where no woes nor fears invade,

Gone — ere youth's first flower had perished,

To a youth that ne'er can fade.

They are taken from all evil to come;
yes, kindly taken away from the im-

perfect training of parents here. An earthly father and mother, even though true disciples of Christ, are often very unsafe persons with whom to intrust such precious olive plants; and so the latter are mercifully removed. If parents, then, do object, is it not to say, that they can take better care of them than the Beloved, and that these earthly homes are safer than our Father's house? None of those dear children wish they had lived longer; many others will yet wish they had died earlier. Is there any want of wise and holy nurture in heaven? O, what Sabbath Schools, what Infant Classes, what Maternal Associations are there! It has been customary for painters to represent the mother of Jesus with a

lily in her hand or by her side; and how do we picture to ourselves the glorified mothers in Israel, surrounded by those sweet lilies!

Is the inquiry yet repeated, Why does our Beloved gather them? Be it answered, For the sake of this lower garden. It is needful to the best growth and fruitfulness of the parent stem, that it be headed in, and that surrounding off-shoots be removed. Every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.

God designs that in the removal of our dear infant children there should be a trial, a grievous trial; that our hearts should bleed, and our eyes overflow. The fault with Rachel was not that she mourned, but that she refused

to be comforted. There is no merit in grief, and care is needed lest there be no profit too. It may consume your own heart; it certainly will not prove the breath and dew of heaven to your faded lily. "Tears will not," as Sir William Temple remarks, "water the lovely plant so as to cause it to grow again; sighs will not give it new breath, nor can we furnish it with life and spirits by the waste of our own."

God would have you keep in mind how much more he has given than taken; that although he has removed an only child, or all your children, it may be, yet has he sent to this world his only and well-beloved Son, the unspeakable gift, without which there would be no hope for us or our off-

spring. Knowing then what infinite mercy has done, and with what fatherly intent these chastisements are inflicted, can you for a moment murmur or repine? Is not that the feeling and habit of the unrenewed, yea, of the heathen? One of the most eminent Roman writers* of the first century, after the loss of his wife and children, and especially the recent death of a promising son, prefaces a chapter in his celebrated work thus: "What, then, shall I do? or on what shall I any more employ the unhappy talents which the gods seem to reprove? It was my misfortune to be borne down by a like stroke, when I set about writing the book which I gave to the

* Quintilian.

public, ‘ *On the causes of the corruption of Eloquence.*’ Why then did I not cast into the fire that accursed work? Why did I not commit it, with that little unhappy learning that I might have, to the flames of that funeral pile kindled so untimely to consume my bowels? * * * What good parent would pardon me if I engaged again in study? Who would not detest my insensibility, if I made any other use of my voice than to vent complaints against the injustice of the gods, who have made me to survive all that was dearest to me in the world, if I did not proclaim aloud, that there is no providence in the regulation of human affairs?” Still later, he says, “There reigns a secret envy, jealous of our

happiness, which pleases itself in nipping the bud of our hopes.”

How unlike the patriarch and poet of Uz, who, after the death of his sons and daughters, wrote, The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord. In all this Job sinned not nor charged God foolishly.

How unlike an eminent Christian writer* of the seventeenth century, who, after the death of two children, made this record: “But for myself, I bless God I have observed and felt so much mercy in this angry dispensation of God, that I am almost transported. I am, sure, highly pleased with thinking how infinitely sweet his mercies

* Jeremy Taylor.

are, when his judgments are so gracious." Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.

The interests of the church, the interests of your own souls, and of souls around,—those of surviving children, and others near and afar off,—should largely withdraw thoughts from private griefs, and impel heart and hand to more earnest efforts in the vineyard of our Beloved. Melancthon was so affected with the miseries of the church, in his days, that he seemed

to take little notice of the death of his child, whom he loved most tenderly. By gathering to himself the lilies we have tended so carefully, the Beloved leaves us more time to care for others, and a less impeded pursuit of all our duties. It has been said, that Sicily was so full of sweet flowers, the hounds could not hunt there.

God would also have us bestow more thought upon our own removal to another world. After burying his child, Dr. Doddridge remarked: "And now one of our family is gone to take possession of the sepulchre in all our names. Ere long I shall lie down with my child. Perhaps many of the feet that followed it shall attend me thither. It is a warning of Providence,

that these concluding days of my life may be more regular, more spiritual, more useful than the former." Aye, work while the day lasts; be sober, be vigilant, for this is not our rest.

IX.

A Future Gathering.

You have probably seen the beautiful device of a group of lilies in a season of drought, withering, and their heads drooping, with the motto, We shall rise again. I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God. Now we beseech you by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by our gathering together unto him, that you be not unmindful of a glorious future, and that you be not afraid when you hear the voice of the Lord God walking in

the garden. Not to inquire for the guilty does he now come. If children are entrusted to us for a little while, shall we not intrust them to the Beloved? Will he not keep their souls safely, and have an eye, too, upon their precious remains? Do we not look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body? Wherefore, comfort one another with these words. Yes, we will comfort one another with these words. O, bereaved, believing parents, take balm to your stricken hearts. At the resurrection morning your dear little ones will all re-appear, from ocean depths, from the valleys, from hill sides, and from mountain tops. In the

course of a tour in India during the years 1854-5, the writer had occasion to visit the Sanitarium belonging to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, on the Pulney Mountains, a place where our missionary friends, when sick and enfeebled, can resort for a time to recruit their health. It is a region of singular wildness and magnificence. After arriving within three thousand feet of the summit, — the mountain is seven thousand feet high, — we came in sight of a beautiful cascade, pouring down the face of vertical precipices, by hundreds of feet, or rushing in wild glee amidst the rocks and trees beneath. Along the line of the highest ridge is a depression, where the stream appears

to flow immediately from the blue sky; as if it were a pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb; or as if angelic hands had brought an urn, and were pouring a libation on that high altar, towering in mid heaven; while a delicate wreath of incense rises in all the purity of perfect whiteness, till lost in the upper firmament.

The clouds were all below the level of the summit. There is at the top a singularly ethereal atmosphere, the most perfect clearness, and the most perfect stillness, not the slightest sound being heard save that of the waterfall and the faint echoes of a concert of birds among the trees far beneath.

It required nine hours of ascent to bring us to the highest level. Hastening on in advance of the party, I found myself where no farther climbing was required, and on an elevation called Mount Nebo. The first object which met my eye at that culminating point, was a small, rude, but neat enclosure, filled with rose bushes in full bloom. Going nearer, I discovered in the midst of it, a little tomb, on the tablet of which is this inscription, more than half hid by the smiling roses which bend their heads down, as if weeping round about it: "In memory of our dear babes, Lucius and Allyn, who died of the cholera in one night, Jan. 26, 1849." Two dear ones the same night! Yes, and then the only

children of their parents. The father, too, was at the time in the grasp of the same fearful malady. What a sword pierced the soul of the childless mother, the stricken missionary's wife! But He whose is the strength of the hills, was with them; and the chastened parents are to-day laboring in cheerfulness under the shadow of that very mountain. The burial of these two infant children, in one grave, was the first, and as yet, the only known interment among those heights. But there

On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are
blending,

And beauty immortal will wake from the tomb

When Christ shall come again in

the clouds of heaven, and all that are in their graves shall hear his voice, will not those sleeping children, as well as he who, at the age of one hundred years, died on the Mount Nebo in the land of Moab, and “of whose sepulchre no man knoweth unto this day,” awake? and will they not perhaps be nearer their Lord, than missionary fathers and mothers who will be found reposing in the plains below? They, and myriads of other young sleepers shall go to be forever with the Lord. Come, then, Christian fathers and mothers, of all lands, let us sing rather than weep. Our little ones are not lost but taken up,

Where the faded flower shall freshen, —

Freshen never more to fade ;

Where the shaded sky shall brighten, —
Brighten never more to shade ;
Where the sun-blaze never scorches ;
Where the star-beams cease to chill ;
Where no tempest stirs the echoes
Of the wood, or wave, or hill ;
Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
And the noon the joy prolong,
Where the daylight dies in fragrance,
Mid the burst of holy song ; —
Children we shall meet, and rest
Mid the holy and the blest !



FINIS.

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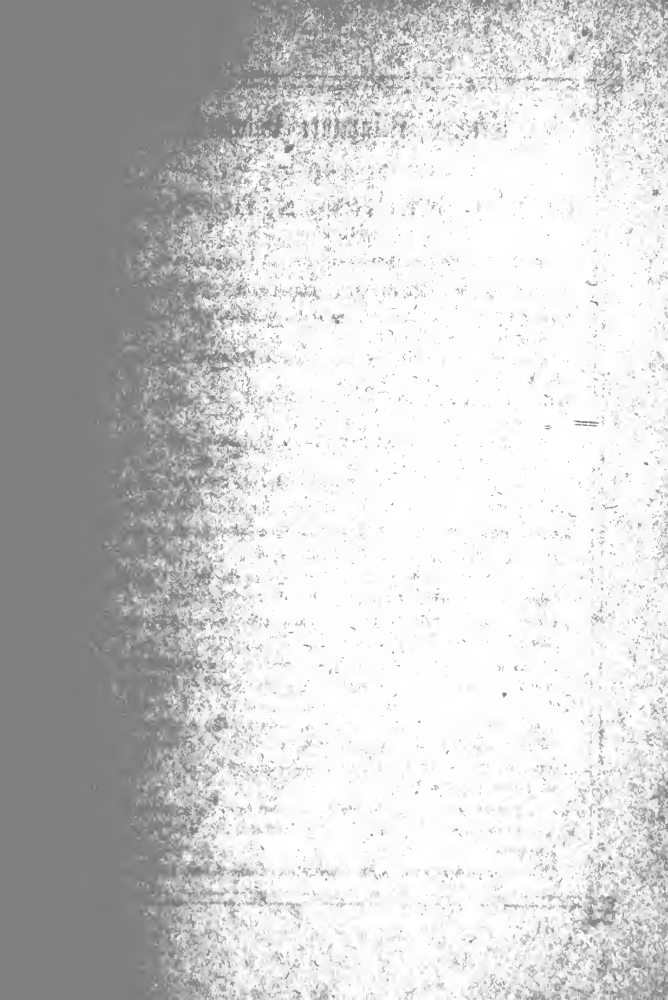
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